

HAMILTON, June 28th, 1872.

MY DEAR BRO. POTTS—

Your kind and sympathising letter of the 26th is received, and is refreshing to my thirsty soul. I am truly under the chastising hand of my Heavenly Father. It is in great pain and with much difficulty that I write these few lines. I will tell you briefly the nature of my affliction. I was at St. Paul, with Mrs. J. and Emma Spencer, partly on a visit and partly on business, when I was taken with a chill; and in taking a sweat, I got slightly burnt on the left limb, a little below the hip-joint. I travelled home with it in that condition, and it got irritated; and when I commenced to poultice, it developed into a frightful ulcer, of great virulence, giving me much pain, so as to deprive me of sleep and appetite, and in the end it may have a fatal issue. But I am thankful to say, my dear Brother, that I feel myself to be in the hands of a merciful and kind Father, who sustains me in my severe trial, and who, I doubt not, will bring me through, whether by life or death, all the better for having passed through the furnace. This is my desire, and for this I pray. My dear wife has a heavy trial in nursing me, but she seems endued with strength for the occasion. She is in good health, and wishes to be kindly remembered to you, Mrs. Potts, and the dear children; likewise to Dr. Douglas and family.

I am glad to hear that you are going, for the recuperation of your worn-out powers, over the old Atlantic, and that you and your friend, Dr. Douglas, will be companions on the voyage. May you have a prosperous voyage and a safe return. If it is the will of my Father, I hope I may be here to hail your return; if otherwise, overtake me in that

“Land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.”

Again, with kindest love to Maggie and the children, and with reiterated wishes for your continued prosperity in things temporal and things eternal, I bid you adieu.

Your affectionate Brother,

EDWARD JACKSON.